

ON THE REVIEWERS TABLE

The Case of Richard Meynell.

J. M. Humphrey, Ward, Doubleday, Page & Co., of Garden City, N. Y. \$1.35.

The first book which brought Mrs. Humphrey Ward's name prominently before the American reading world was "Robert Elsmere," which appeared with the death of Elsmere, the leader of a new religious movement, placing him outside of the English Church, and separating him in feeling and sympathy from his wife, Catharine, one of the most consistent characters in the story which bore Elsmere's name.

"The Case of Richard Meynell" comes twenty years later in church history, but it has a distinct connection and relation to its predecessor, as well as its own romance, mystery, tragedy and spiritual attitude on the part of those known as the Modernists in the English religious life of today.

As may be inferred, Richard Meynell, rector of Upcott parish, is the hero of Mrs. Ward's new story. A very different man is from Robert Elsmere, whose emotional, sensitive, over-creed nature, which adapted to withstanding the wearing friction of the struggle in which he engaged, Richard Meynell, like Robert Elsmere, however, preaches his religion through the gospel of love and charity and helpfulness in every action, and through every thought and clarifies his every act. As a leader, he is sure of his convictions and full of readiness in resource and utterance.

Opposed to the Modernist party and Meynell's followers is the conservative state church corporation, which through its bishops in the House of Lords, exercises an important influence in the lawmaking power of England. Mrs. Ward, in speaking of what her book tells of the attempt to adjust old bottles to new wine, says: "Few individual lives are affected in the passionate struggle of spiritual faiths and practical interests involved in such an attempt, how considered may be enriched by its success, or sterilized by its failure; how the right itself, ably waged, may strengthen the spiritual elements, the power of living and suffering in men and women—it is with such themes that this story attempts to deal. Twenty-two years ago I tried a similar subject in Robert Elsmere. Since then the movement of ideas in religion and philosophy has been increasingly rapid and fruitful."

The romance of the book hinges on a very beautiful love story, that has for its ending the marriage of Mary Elsmere, the daughter of Robert and Catharine Elsmere, to Richard Meynell. The tender and intimate affection between daughter and mother and the unselfish devotion of each to the other are described with the delicacy of touch and feeling that is a au-

preme charm in whatever Mrs. Ward writes.

The tragedy and mystery of the novel centers around a young girl, known as Hester Fox-Wilton, in reality the daughter of Mrs. Fox-Wilton's sister, Alice Puttenham, and Neville Flood, of Sandford Abbey, who was drowned soon after the birth of his illegitimate child.

The girl is brought up in the house of her aunt and uncle, and, though beautiful, is wilful in the extreme. Thwarted in her desire to form an engagement with one man, she immediately begins a flirtation with another and most unworthy type. Finally she runs away with this man and marries him, leaving him after a short experience in a fit of disgust, wanders away on the moor near her old home at Upcott, and is killed by a fall over a precipice. The cruel sacrifice of her young life at the opening period of her existence is most vividly told.

One of the most beautiful characters in the novel is the Bishop of Markborough, a frail, saintly old man, a personality of "spirit and heart." In the two movements represented, the bishop and Meynell represent two extremes, the Anglican church of yesterday and today.

The plot of the book is extremely well thought out. The connection is close and the interest thoroughly well sustained. The community of Upcott is a "scientific individualized for the actors and factors in the romance to stand out clearly as recognizable forces. The mention of Henry Barron, Stephen and Maurice, will at once bring home this truth to the mind of a reader.

Catharine Elsmere was the strong and consistent woman in the story of "Robert Elsmere." Warm and weary as to her body, her spirit still maintained its poise in "The Case of Richard Meynell," though her sense of justice and her love for Mary, her child, broaden her view and enlarge her religious outlook. When Mary becomes the wife of Richard Meynell, Catharine feels her life work ended, and gives it up in perfect peace.

That the book will arouse discussion and much difference of opinion is inevitable. But however its readers may incline in regard to the religious movement, they will agree to the otherwise merit and value of the book in its standards, in its purity of tone and its wonderful character delineation, qualities which have made Mrs. Ward's name a well-known word in thousands of homes on this side of the Atlantic.

"The Little Green Gate." By Stella Callaghan. G. P. Putnam's.

Sons, of New York and London. \$1.35.

An idyl of an English garden, with a charming girl, Nina Maynard, in it among roses and a small, green gate leading from the garden into the woods beyond.

Through the gate came one day a man, Peter Marchant, who changed the whole course of Nina's life, and rather uneventful life. This Marchant was engaged to be married to a girl whom he had known for years, and for whom he had a feeling of kindly interest rather than genuine love. He had called to realize this truth until he met Nina Maynard.

The book is written for the purpose of showing the influence upon a man's life by a genuinely womanly and sincere type and the opposite, who is devoted only to the consideration of her butterfly instincts and vain, frivolous desires.

Peter Marchant does not please himself in the line of conduct which he at last decides upon. He sees his duty as he conceives it, and simply makes sacrifice of everything else. A rare course for a man to pursue, but one which seems natural here from the force of circumstances.

The great charm of the book lies in its garden life, in the atmosphere of out-of-door and growing things, in the sense of healing which such an atmosphere imparts. "The Little Green Gate," when it swings shut, seems to bar out the noise and unrest and turbulence of the outside world.

The picture drawn of English social and rural life, and the attitude toward it of such people as "Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy," is one which teaches a lesson to be pondered well.

"The Pretender Person." By Margaret Cameron. Harper and Brothers, of New York. \$1.30 net.

The story of this book is told in the form of letters written from Mexico by the heroine, or rather by one of the heroines, for there are two of them, to an old man in New York, who insists even in delirium upon hearing from her and knowing all that befalls.

Between this man and herself she interposes a shield called by her "The Pretender Person." In this way her secret correspondence is carried on with more ease, her real identity being known only to one of the man's nurses.

The author of "The Involuntary Chaperon" is nothing if not sprightly and enterprising. Consequently the trip from New York to Mexico on ship board, and the adventures of the party of Americans who land there is enlivening to a degree.

It takes much cleverness in authorship to carry on three romances in one book and render them all interesting. This is done, however, in "The Pretender Person," which justifies the verdict passed by the American public on the literary wares offered it from time to time by Margaret Cameron.

"The Garden of the Resurrection." By E. Temple Thurston. Mitchell Kennerly, of New York. \$1.30 net.

This is a story of some incidents in the life of a man and a woman rather

set apart from the world of their fellows by painful circumstances in their lives. The man was disgraced by having had a dreadful case of small-pox in childhood. The woman was a West Indian, and, persuaded by an Englishman to leave her home at Dominica and follow him to England, where he forsook her, leaving her a prey to helplessness and poverty.

The man and the woman, these two maimed and wounded creatures, come together at the end to console and love each other.

The scene of the story is laid chiefly at Ballysheen in Ireland, where live Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, the most ideal married couple to be imagined. The portrait of Mrs. Townsend as given by the author is quite adorable, because of the subtle touches which render her at once the simplest woman in the world, yet the swiftest and most unerring in her knowledge and sympathy.

Mr. Thurston, indeed, has a rare power of suggestion and of continuity in what he writes. A name like "Clarissa," for instance, will linger always in the mind of him or her to whom his book, "The Garden of the Resurrection," may address itself.

The book title symbolizes the garden of life, in which untended flowers, and above all, the flower of love, may bloom anew through the sunshine of care and devotion.

"Peter and Wendy." By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

This delightful book of the imagination appears simply in a holiday season, when the faith of the child in traditional lore is awakened afresh.

In the frontispiece of this delightful volume, Peter is seen breaking through the window in the room where Wendy and her sister, then follows, of course, a description of the island, land come true, the little house, the home under the ground, the mermaids' lair, the never bird and the happy home. Wendy's story is told, the children are carried off to fairland and back again in a pirate ship.

The tragedy of the story lies in the fact that when Wendy grew up she forgot how to fly, and then Peter took her daughter Margaret with him in her stead to the "Neverland." And the book says: "When Margaret grows up she will have a daughter who will fly with her mother, and it will go on so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless."

For Peter Pan symbolizes eternal youth and joy, and belongs to the things which make his joy and belong especially to his domain.

"The Mansion." By Henry van Dyke. Harper and Brothers, of New York, publishers.

No one has ever quite explained the wide success of Henry van Dyke's famous little story, "The Other Wise Man." It has had a fate that befalls few books of its limited length; for it has become a popular classic, rivaling "Ben-Hur." The writer, who under takes how to treat such a theme as that of "The Other Wise Man," has need of something more than entire sincerity and technical skill. The perfecting of imagination and sympathy, which gives vitality to a tale, seems to come only as the result of exceptional inspiration. Dr. van Dyke's new book, "The Mansion," just issued by the Harpers, with illustrations in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green, has much the same unaccountable quality.

In "The Mansion," Dr. van Dyke again makes us participate in a wonderful experience. He has taken a theme which, wrongly treated, might develop into an insipid allegory or a sermon, and he has made of it a tale as absorbingly vital and convincing. Taking modern New York as a background, he introduces us to a prosperous, charitable, and meticulously honest merchant, whose brownstone mansion stands in the shadow of the Church of St. Peter's. John Weightman, with his hard common sense and his superb reasonableness, is a type, but he is drawn with individual touches which make him very living and human. We see him as he expounds his views to his son as they sit at dinner on Christmas Eve. Unconsciously he has warped religious teaching to suit his own convenience. He believes in seeing his bread upon the waters, not in any careless fashion, but in worthy ships, so that he may be sure that it will return to him after a calculable number of days.

The picture of John Weightman and his household, which serves as an introduction and contrast to the very different picture which follows, is drawn with great naturalness and clearness. And the vision which comes to Weightman when, after his son has left him, he falls into a deep sleep, is splendidly imagined. The story of his journey to the "Mansion," his meeting with old friends among the crowd of travelers, the arrival at the place of many mansions, and the joyous entry of the others into the glorious dwellings prepared for them, has the impressiveness and the strong effect of actuality that are sometimes felt in dreams. Then the curious appropriation of the son's concluding scene, in which Weightman stands before the miserable novel that is his, affects us as something more than fiction.

The picture of John Weightman and his household, which serves as an introduction and contrast to the very different picture which follows, is drawn with great naturalness and clearness. And the vision which comes to Weightman when, after his son has left him, he falls into a deep sleep, is splendidly imagined. The story of his journey to the "Mansion," his meeting with old friends among the crowd of travelers, the arrival at the place of many mansions, and the joyous entry of the others into the glorious dwellings prepared for them, has the impressiveness and the strong effect of actuality that are sometimes felt in dreams. Then the curious appropriation of the son's concluding scene, in which Weightman stands before the miserable novel that is his, affects us as something more than fiction.

Mrs. Nelson Robinson's Story. In the December issue of "The Housewife," published by A. D. Porter Company, of New York, appear the opening chapters of a serial story, called "Scuffling Her Way," written by Mrs. Sally Nelson Robinson, assistant secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, and a writer of Virginia history and social life.

Mrs. Robinson says in reference to the title that she has bestowed upon her serial: "A scuffler is one who struggles to keep that station in which God has placed her, but from which man's essays to out her. Husband's man's desires are never inordinate where a woman is concerned, and a scuffler is absolutely feminine."

The "scuffling" of the feminine entity in Mrs. Robinson's story begins at the age of four. After a graphic description of the life in which the scuffler was orphaned and her subsequent loss of a baby sister, the intervening years until the scuffler's period of widowhood with four small children on her hands begins, are passed by with but cursory reference.

Her life with children to a plan, and of this, looking to the future, comes the time when the activities of existence for a plan are described briefly and in an epigrammatic and life-like manner by her author and originator.

No Virginia man is better fitted to write just such a story as she has begun than Mrs. Robinson. That these requisites in an author forecast abundant success for her, none can doubt.

Translation by Dr. Morrison. Dr. Johann David Schoepf, a graduate of the University of Erlangen, 1771, was appointed in 1777 chief surgeon to the Ansbach troops in the British army. During the war he was on hospital duty at New York, Philadelphia, and in Rhode Island. Peace having

been declared, Schoepf left New York July, 1783, to travel through the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. He was also in East Florida, and for two months on several of the Bahama Islands. His book, descriptive of his travels, was published in two volumes, Erlangen, 1788. The greater part of the first volume is devoted to Pennsylvania, as far West as Pittsburgh.

Dr. Schoepf was a man of science, the first formal student of American geology. But besides being a man of specialized, minutely trained intelligence, he was an observer of great good sense and good judgment, and his American notes for the year after the Revolution are interesting throughout, a work which has been almost entirely ignored by the historians, and yet forming of itself one of the best histories for that period. These volumes are undoubtedly the most valuable of their sort for that time—readable, authoritative, comprehensive, full of wit, in some respects altogether unique.

The work has been translated by Alfred J. Morrison, Ph. D. (Johna Hopkins), and will be published by subscription in two volumes, cloth, at \$5.00, the publisher being William J. Campbell, of 1223 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Morrison is a member of the faculty at Haverd Sidney, a man widely known for his scholarship.

BOOK NOTES.

By way of introducing the new holiday edition of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which the Scribners have just issued, with its twelve full-page colored pictures, and its new black and white pictures by Reginald Birch, who illustrated the original edition, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author, says in her preface:

"About twenty-five years ago this story was written. The children who read it first are now men and women. Many of them have children of their own, and these children, it seems, are reading it also, or want to read it, or their friends wish to give it to them to read. As I myself loved Fauntleroy, it is a happiness to me to know that so many others loved him. The book which told this story has been read so many thousand times that its letters have faded away. As he himself has not faded away, there has been made this new book with new pictures by the same hand which years ago made the first Fauntleroy, who made his cheerful little book so dear to me. On my own part I feel it great good fortune that he has been recreated by the hand of a friend and not by that of a stranger. To every one who has loved this little boy of my heart I give greeting and affectionate thanks."

"Memories of Two Wars," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is really General Funston's own story of his fighting career. Young Mr. Funston from Kansas manages to get tangled with some other men and several of them, before the Spanish War, and though quite untrained in things military, he takes command of a gun in the insurgent army; that is the beginning. General of Volunteers Funston and a little band of men, by highest courage, endurance, and cunning, capture Aguinaldo, and virtually close the Philippine War; that is the end. And the links in the chain that join these events are battles, marches and skirmishes.

This is the general account of the first shot he ever fired in anger. A few seconds later, I was satisfied, gave the screw a turn to lower the muzzle, and stepping from the piece, climbed on top of the parapet to the windward of the gun, in order to observe the shot, yelled "Fire" to Pennie, the boy had begun. I had forgotten to place my hands over my ears, and was almost deafened by the crash within a few feet of my head. A fraction of a second later I saw a burst of flame and smoke from the upper part of the building and jumping down from my perch, I found myself in a position, I landed on the back of a Cuban patriot, who was lying behind the parapet, and put him out of that battle, the first casualty in the siege of Cascarra.

"The Juants of Junior" by Arthur B. Phelps and Lillian B. Hunt, a holiday book, is announced by the Harpers for immediate publication. This book is something unique in its interest for grown-ups as well as children. The pictures, made by working together from a group of photographs, are of a small boy reduced to the size of a lead-pencil. He is shown fishing in a gold-fish bowl taller than himself, racing over the piano keys and bathing in a canary's bath-tub. The verses tell the details of Junior's adventures.

Mrs. Townsend's Book.

In receiving a copy of Mrs. F. L. Townsend's book, "In the Nantahallas," I am reminded of the fact that it is quite customary in these practical days for a writer of romances to receive scant notice of anything coming from his or her pen that does not include something startling or sensational. In the book before us, however, this scheme to reach the public is absent. There is no great effect, no giving lurid color to "hair-breadth escapes in the imminent, deadly breach," no employment of the arts of rhetoric to "blazon over evil deeds or consecrate a crime." In order that the beauty of the language may hide or soften the ugliness of the deed. And, yet, the book is as full of wholesome interest as an egg is of meat. The plot of the story is laid among the mountains of Western North Carolina, and one may see at a glance that Mrs. Townsend is in full sympathy with the surroundings as well as the characters of her story.

The familiar wild mountain voices, the rushing of the waterfalls, the cascading waterfalls, has caught the spirit of its solitude and knows the pleasure of its pathless woods. But the human interest, after all, predominates and constitutes the charm of the book. As a matter of course, the principal characters are mountaineers, and rare they are. The author of "The Woodlands," who has written a great deal of fiction, is to her a mother, who comforts and cherishes. "My Rapsucker" is brought out by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, Mass.

There is a foolish saying to the effect that every child is a book. One would not ordinarily associate such a remark with Alfred Noyes, who, now that "Sherwood," his poem-play of Robin Hood's merry men, has been published, has made good his admirer's declaration that he is a genuine major poet. But somehow the remark slips into one's mind apropos of the several persons who have lately declared that Noyes is "too conservative a poet to be the next poet laureate of England." A "knock" is this—and a "boost" in its naive evidence that every one who talks of such things takes it for granted that Noyes is the man who will be most seriously considered as the next laureate.

The Fashion

118 East Broad
Wrong Side, Between First and Second.

Monday Bargains

Worth Coming For!

Millinery Bargains By Far the Best in Town

Buckram Frames, all new shapes.....	39c	Velour Hats for.....	\$3.95
Black French Felt Shapes.....	95c	Silk Beavers for.....	\$4.95
Soft Hoods, all colors.....	49c	Nap Beavers, black and colors.	\$3.95

Fancy Feathers at 1/2 Price

Visit our Fur Department. We can save you money.

\$40.00 Black Coney Coats.....	\$27.50
\$60.00 Brown Coney Coats.....	\$33.50

See these bargains. Make your comparison.

The Fashion

118 East Broad.
Every Sale Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

ill spent life, and, while we think this scene is somewhat overdrawn, we are not disposed to criticize, as Mrs. Townsend is also a poetess of no mean order. A charming love story runs through the whole book like a thread of gold and holds its interest to the end. Altogether, it is a good book, wholesome and edifying.

For sale by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. DUVAL PORTER.

Frank Harris, the London editor and Shakespeare scholar, writing his list of twenty favorite books, has included only one by an American author. This book is "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, "the best story, on the whole," he says, "which has yet come out of America, perhaps better than any realistic story which has yet been produced in England." The eager admirers of this novel by Mr. Dreiser have long waited for a successor, for the author spent ten years of labor and thought before he brought out his new book, "Jennie Gerhardt," which has just been published by the Harpers.

The interest felt in John Galsworthy, author of "The Patrician," and of remarkable play entitled "Justice," has placed him in the first rank of dramatists and novelists. He has been engaged in literary work for about fifteen years. Born at Combe, Surrey, England, in 1867, he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, leaving the university with a lawyer's degree. In his play, "Justice," the plot is simple enough. "A weak young man—though he need not have been so very weak and yet have fallen—forgets a check to rescue from a situation, horrible both to him and to the woman he loves. Of course, he intends to return the money. The horror of prison life is presented with terrible vividness. The hopelessness of the man's regeneration on release, the inevitable degradation of the woman, are brought home with relentless logic. The whole play is such a marvelous example of restrained and concentrated power that its effect on the reader is like that of being shaken violently from a dose of Chamberlain's Colic."

The English official—Winston Churchill, Secretary of the Admiralty—were so shaken that they get instantly afoot reforms of the prison system, and carried them through; they mitigated solitary confinement, among other things. The British public was so shaken they could not but think Galsworthy had used some kind of getting at the facts other than that of vitalizing through trained imagination the lifeless information gained by interviews."

Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, have gotten out a most entertaining book, "The Nantahallas," by Mrs. F. L. Townsend. The author of "The Woodlands," who has written a great deal of fiction, is to her a mother, who comforts and cherishes. "My Rapsucker" is brought out by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, Mass.

Mary E. Waller has contributed to the autumn output of fiction in "My Rapsucker," an appealing story of a Paris war. The author of "The Woodlands," who has written a great deal of fiction, is to her a mother, who comforts and cherishes. "My Rapsucker" is brought out by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, Mass.

There is a foolish saying to the effect that every child is a book. One would not ordinarily associate such a remark with Alfred Noyes, who, now that "Sherwood," his poem-play of Robin Hood's merry men, has been published, has made good his admirer's declaration that he is a genuine major poet. But somehow the remark slips into one's mind apropos of the several persons who have lately declared that Noyes is "too conservative a poet to be the next poet laureate of England."

A "knock" is this—and a "boost" in its naive evidence that every one who talks of such things takes it for granted that Noyes is the man who will be most seriously considered as the next laureate.

A book for children, in which the pictures seem actually alive, has appeared this fall, in "The Moving Picture Book," by A. Z. Baker. By means of a mechanical apparatus with revolving disks, through which the reader looks at the pictures, the figures represented seem really to move. The man who rocked the aeroplane, is seen in a mad aerial prank; the papa monkey is seen actually spanking its young with its tail. The book is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York.

Georgia Wood Pangborn, whose volume of short stories entitled "Interventions" has recently been issued by Scribner's was the winner of two of the \$1,000 prizes offered recently by Collier's Weekly. Both these "prize" stories are included in this collection.

"Short Stories," published by Doubleday, Page and Company, opens flat, like a well-bound book, a great convenience to a magazine reader. The December stories are characterized by a spirit of real fresh humor. The cover, "The Frozen North," by Frank Tenney Johnson, is full of the spirit of winter in the solitudes.

The Putnam has just brought out a fully illustrated, and beautifully bound edition of "Lamb, Mulock's Little Lamb Prince and His Travelling Clock." This little story of "the most beautiful prince that ever was born," and of his good friends, the fairy-godmother, the magpie, and many other equally engaging or interesting creatures, has long been a classic among tales for children. Its mingling of playful fancy, pathos, humor, sound sense, and real wisdom gives it a singular charm. Children never fail to hear with bated breath the fortunes of Prince Dolor and how he became King.

"The Sixth Sense," in the Art Life series Charles Brent has written a little volume, to be sold at 50 cents net, on "The Sixth Sense." B. W. Huebsch, of New York, is the publisher.

The title, "The Sixth Sense," signifies the mystic or super sense, supplementing sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch. It evidences itself in relation to man physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. Upon its development and use depend the efficiency of the lower senses and all other faculties separately and collectively, and its effect is upon the subjective series of phenomena.

The cultivation and development of this sense equally in four directions named is made simple by the practical suggestions offered throughout, and its dangers when limited to a single sphere are abundantly plain. The author develops his thesis so convincingly that "The Sixth Sense" will become a reality, an ever-present force to those who read the book.

WEST POINT

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) West Point, Va., November 18.—The Whist Club was reorganized for the winter on Thursday at the house of Mrs. George W. Richardson, on D Street. It was elegantly entertained by her. The following are the members for this season: Mesdames Lloyd Tabb, J. Lewis Tabb, Burdette Fisher, J. W. Marshall, Lane Cook, Samuel T. Bland, M. M. Puller, Mary Carr, H. A. Lewis, George W. Richardson, A. F. Hargrave, Misses Crystal Farinhold and Mary Gatewood.

A series of four Cinderella dances have been arranged for the winter. The first one took place at the Masonic Hall auditorium on Thursday night. The sponsors were Mesdames William Gregory Brooks, Morgan Treat, Richard T. Topping and Dossell Clopton.

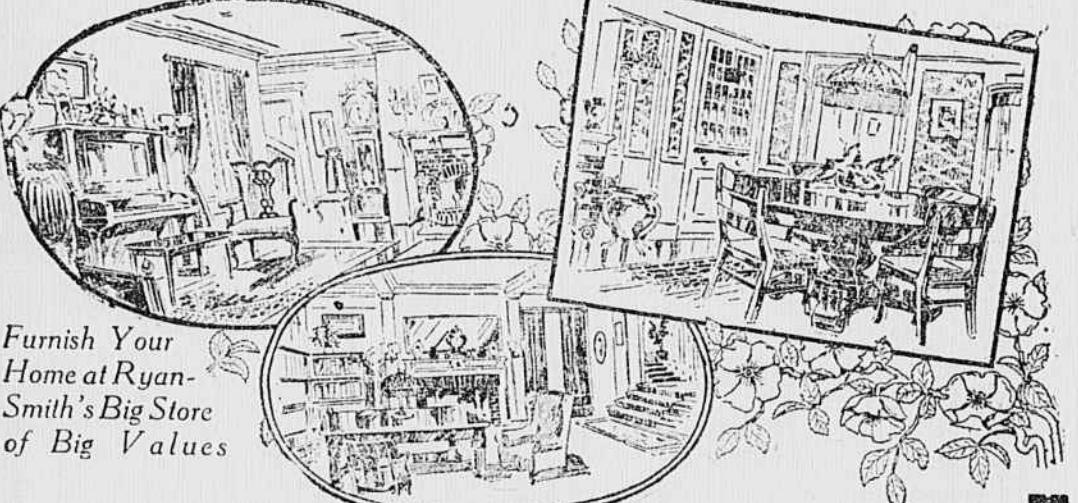
Mrs. Lucy Byrd Dudley, who teaches the Indian children at the Reservation, has presented the school with a \$200 organ, and is teaching the children how to sing and find much of the pleasure in the work. The organ, held recently in Aqueduct, one of the most interesting features of the occasion was an address by Mrs. Dudley on the school life of the Indians.

Mrs. Philip Hoffman entertained the Thimble Club, formerly of West Point, recently of Norfolk, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Jane Wilkinson, here, preparatory to making her home in Savannah, where her husband has preceded her.

Robert C. Bradford has returned from a trip to his home in Northampton.

Mrs. M. P. Chandler and little daughter, Elizabeth, left Thursday to spend a few days in the home of O. M. Chandler, in New Kent.

Rev. W. R. Netherly, of Belmont, N. Y., formerly of Virginia, filled the pulpit of the Baptist Church last Sunday, and will do so again next Sabbath, morning and night.



Let Us Help You

Brighten the Home For Thanksgiving

We want to aid you in making THIS Thanksgiving a REAL THANKSGIVING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. Let us show you the many ways you can ADD COMFORT TO YOUR HOME. An extra piece here, perhaps a new Carpet for the one that's badly worn. Right now you can accomplish wonders and save money.

As to the money question—DON'T WORRY. We'll take care of that.

A Grand Display of Dining Room Pieces

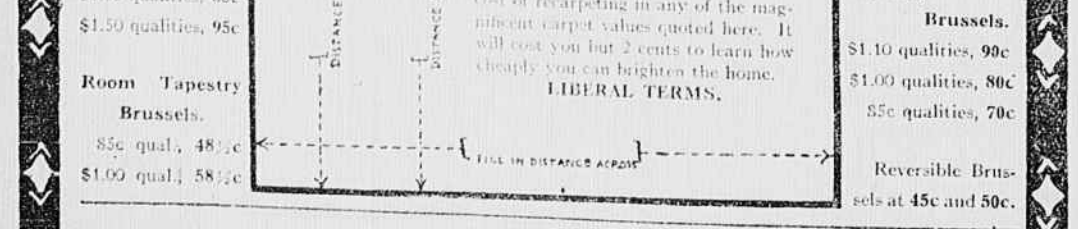
By means of special purchases we can offer this year values in Sideboards, Buffets, Tables, Serving Tables and Chairs, in magnificent quality woods, at record prices.

Oak Sideboard, beautiful in design and finish; special \$9.75
Others at \$13.50, \$15.25, \$16.75, \$27.50.

New Xmas Goods In.

See the many things we have gathered for brightening the home—Gas and Electric Portable Lamps, Jardineres, Cellarettes, Ladies' Writing Desks, Music Cabinets, Rockers, etc., etc.

All at typical Ryan-Smith money-saving prices. We cannot be undersold.



JUST RECEIVED

THE BIG STORE

RYAN-SMITH

HOME OFFERS

MASONIC TEMPLE

A "Hoosier" for Mother.

No present could be more welcome, more useful and more appreciated than this great work and time-saver.

Furnish Your Home at Ryan-Smith's Big Store of Big Values